

NTM

MAN'S LIFE.

all sorts of sing-
singing of love and spring-
a precious thing.
who live to-day
and die as they
have possibly away;
hearts are bold and stout,
and cast about
for some of doubt.
In other years
we to our ends
thing chased with tears:
the holy trace
of a noble one, whose face
darkness for a space;
are prone to swear
at the soul's despair
as the air—
and sweet breath
chatter wisdom saith,
the night of death.
the sorrow dwells
and as sound in bells
are often flaming wells:
bitter and last
our polluted dust—
dark and red to the just.
and yet I sing
a hard in spring—
is a precious thing.
life's darkness and death be fleet
for hearts that meet,
for passion wildly sweet;
where they smile,
to hear
accident cries the clear
forever near:
the earth, to find
whereon the mind
like a wind.
ugh to be,
and think, and see,
a dwell in me.
in the thought
fully wrought,
to me wholly naught!
saint and perish, I
me which is high
white as the sky.
—George Edgar Montgomery.

FACE FOR A WIFE.

My father used to live at Rethel, in
the street, in a house I can still
see my eyes with its slate roof
reflecting beams, a hospitable
never there was one. Poor
the way to it. They entered
wallet empty and went away
We were all seated one
the fire, my father was
and watching the fire
the other was ironing and I was
when we heard a noise at the
saw enter a boy with fright-
ened face.
"What is the matter?"
"It is a soldier very tired who has
fallen exhausted before the door."
father looked at the door.
He ran out, and there he was,
and taken a step, coming in
with a young soldier leaning upon
his arm, or rather, my father had taken
up and was carrying him like a sack
of wool.
My father hastened to draw the big
chair up to the fire. The soldier
was made to sit or rather to recline in
and my father said, looking at the
face:
"Is it possible! Walking in that
state!"
The fact is that the soldier was very
tired, his face flattened on his
neck, the veins of his temples big
and red, his face black with
fatigue. We were then in the month of
winter and the weather was begin-
ning to grow fresh, but the poor fellow
was, nevertheless, sweating big drops as
he had been dog days. He must have
had a long tramp, his shoes were
worn, you could see where the stones
had torn the leather; the left foot was
bleeding. The soldier did not move
when I reached in the arm chair with his
head thrown back, his eyes half open
and white as a sheet.
My mother had already put some soup
in the fire and a pan full of wine.
"Father," said my mother, "the first
thing to be looked after is the feet."
And kneeling down he began to re-
move the soldier's shoes, and the soldier
looked like the feet of the
soldiers, swollen with pain and wealed
by cords, which we see in the pic-
tures of the Spanish painters.
My father dipped his handkerchief in
the soup and washed the wounds.
"You," he said to me, "make some
tea."
And I began to tear up some old linen
that my mother had taken out of the
cupboard.
Meanwhile the soldier had come to
himself. He looked at us, at my father,
mother and myself, and the two or
three neighbors who had come in and
the other. His wandering eyes
began to interrogate everything. It
was no longer the road, the stones, the
great deserted woods that he had be-
lieved him, but a gray room with a ceiling
of shining oak, a cloth on the table, a
white and fork laid and a brown earthen-
ware soup-bowl emitting a savory
smell of cabbage soup.
Then he raised himself up, leaning on
the arms of the chair, and said to my
father, with confused emotion:
"Monsieur! But you do not
know me!"
"Ah! well, that does not matter; we
will become acquainted at table."
We had already dined, but my father
wished to hear the soldier company.
He set down to table opposite him, as
were brooding over him, and looking
at the regimental buttons that shone on
his cloak. The soldier ate, and ate
heartily; my mother served him. My
father took charge of the wine, and the
house did not long remain empty.
"Well," said my father, suddenly,
pointing to the tin box that the soldier
carried slung on a cord, "you have
nished your time, for there is your
ounce. Then why do you go and kill
yourself by toiling along the highway?
see how the matter stands. You have
no money to pay for the diligence?"
"I replied the soldier. "I have
received my pay and my bounty, and
my mother had sent me enough to pay
for a place in the coupe, if I had liked,
but I could not."
"I understand," said my father, who
did not understand at all. Then he
asked for another bottle of wine.
When the meal was over the soldier
reclined back and fell back into the
chair. I then saw a tear in his eye. He
was a young man, rather thin, but
arrogant, dark and with an energetic
look. He was not a man to shed a tear
for a little, and that that puzzled me.
"Ah," he said with a movement in
which there was a little anger and a
good deal of grief, "I shall not be
able to walk until to-morrow morning!"
"Walk!" cried my mother, terri-
fied.
"I don't know, you; I must,"
he said.

In our Ardennes those primitive
souls have respect and faith. I saw
my father look at the young man in the
face without astonishment and with
mute interrogation.
"Yes," said the soldier, "I will tell
you the whole story. You have, per-
haps, saved my life; I ought, at least, to
tell you who I am. My name is Jean
Chevauchaux, and my father is a
wood-splitter at Mezieres. He is an
honest man, like you, Monsieur. Seven
years ago, when I drew for the con-
scription, I was madly in love with
Marguerite Serran, a good hearty girl
and a pretty one. I had already asked
her in marriage, and her father had
not said no; but, you see, Pierre Pu-
vieux had asked her in marriage at the
same time that I did. Pierre Puvieux
is a man of my age, who carries his
heart in his hand, as the saying is, gay
and well looking. I ought to have de-
tested him, and he has remained my
friend! Well, Father Serran said to me
as he held out his hand:
"You are worthy to be my son-in-
law, my lad; but first of all you must
please my daughter. I will ask her."
"Marguerite, when asked, said that
she would gladly consent to be my
wife. But she said the same when they
talked to her about Puvieux. She loved
both of us, one as much as the other;
she hesitated, she did not dare to de-
cide. But still she could not marry
both of us.
"Time went on. When the time of
the conscription came we drew lots.
Puvieux and I, on the same day. I had
number three and he had number
seven, and we both of us became
soldiers. For a moment I was in a
state of great fright, I confess. Peo-
ple at Mezieres said that Puvieux had
a rich aunt, and that she would buy
him off. If Puvieux did not join the
army, Puvieux would marry Margue-
rite, and I, knowing that I should be
obliged to go, for I was poor—I
thought I already heard the fiddle at
the wedding, reading my ears and my
heart.
"I must tell you that Marguerite
Serran has not her equal. If I lost her
now, after having waited seven years
for her, upon my honor, I think I should
blow out my brains!
"Luckily, Pierre Puvieux was not
bought off. His aunt died leaving debts
instead of a fortune. He had not a
penny any more than I had! We were
obliged to shoulder our guns, and we
were expected on our way-bill every
moment. One night, Father Serran
took us each by the arm and led us to
an inn, and this is what he said to us
as we emptied a bottle of Moselle wine.
"My boys, you are good and honest
Ardennais, equal in merit. I love you
with all my heart. One of you shall be
my son-in-law; that is understood.
Marguerite will wait seven years. She
has no preference either for you, Pu-
vieux, or for you, Chevauchaux, but she
loves both of you, and she will make
happy the one whom fortune shall
choose. These are the conditions on
which one of you shall marry my
daughter; you start on the same day,
it is probable that you will return on
the same day. Well, the one who first
comes and shakes hands with Father
Serran, and says: 'Here I am, my time
is out,' he, I swear, shall be the husband
of Marguerite."
"I was astonished; I thought that I
had misunderstood. I looked at Pierre
Puvieux and he looked at me, and al-
though we were sad enough at heart,
we were certainly ready to burst out
laughing.
"But Father Serran was not joking.
He had discovered this means of getting
out of the difficulty and he meant to
stick to it. I held out my hand and
swore to act neither by ruse nor vio-
lence, and to let Pierre Puvieux marry
Marguerite, if he returned to Mezieres
before I did. Pierre stood up, and he
swore the same, and then we shook
hands while Father Serran said: 'Now
the rest is your affair. The only thing
is to escape bullets and to return safe
and sound.'
"He filled our glasses once more and
we drank a parting draught.
"Before leaving I wished to see
Marguerite. Just as I was arriving un-
der her window—it was at dusk—I saw
some one in the shade coming in the
same direction. I stopped short. It
was Pierre Puvieux. He seemed vexed
to find me there. I was not particu-
larly pleased to meet him. We stood there
for a moment like two simpletons look-
ing at the toes of our boots. Then with
a movement of courage I said to Pu-
vieux:
"Shall we go in together?"
"We entered and took our farewell
of Marguerite. She listened to us with-
out saying anything, but there were
tears at the tips of her blonde eyelashes.
Suddenly Pierre, who was talking,
stopped and began to sob and I to do
the same. Then Marguerite joined in,
and there were all three shedding
tears and pressing each other's hands.
"When the diligence that took us
away from Mezieres began to rattle on
the pavement the next day I felt in-
clined to turn myself around on the
impalpable air crushed under my
wheels. The more so as there was a
Lorrain at my side who was singing in
a melancholy voice a song of his coun-
try, and I said to myself: 'It is all over,
Jean; you will never see her again.'
"Well, you see. Time passes. The
seven years are over and who knows?
Perhaps I am not only going to see her
again, but to marry her.
"There are, indeed, strange changes
in life," continued Jean Chevauchaux.
"Pierre and I started on the same day
and at the same hour and we were
placed in the same regiment. At first
I was vexed. I should have liked to
have known that he was far away. As
you may imagine I could not love him.
But I reflected afterwards that if Pu-
vieux was with me I could at least talk
about her. That consoled me. Well, I
said to myself, I am in for seven years
of it. After all, one gets over it.
"In the regiment I became a fast
friend of Pierre Puvieux. He proved
to be an excellent good fellow, and at
night, in order to kill time, we used
often to talk of Mezieres, of Father
Serran and of Marguerite. We used to
write to Mezieres often, but each told
the other the contents of his letters. It
was a struggle, it is true, but it was
loyal. When Marguerite or old Serran
replied the letter was for both of us.
An equal dose of hope was given to each
of us, and so we went on hoping.
"One day the Colonel took it into his
head to appoint me Corporal. I was
vexed and proud at the same time.
You see, I was no longer the equal of
Puvieux. My stripes gave me the right
to command him, and in the eyes of our
Ardennais that was no small advantage.
But I did not glory in my rank; on the
contrary, it made me ill at ease. I did
not dare to talk to Puvieux any more.
Then I reflected that there were more
ways than one of getting rid of my new
rank. I neglected my duty and was
forthwith degraded. But who should
be made Corporal in my stead but
Puvieux. But Puvieux was not to be
outdone; at the end of a week he re-
signed. After that there was no danger
of any propositions being made to us to

make any change in our uniform. We
were condemned to remain common
soldiers.
"So much the better," said Puvieux.
"What luck!" said I.
"When we had served our seven
years—for I do not mean to tell you my
history day by day—I said to Puvieux:
"Well, now is the time to start, eh?"
"Yes," he replied, "we are expected."
"You know," I said, "the game will
not be finally won until both of us have
arrived at Mezieres, and until the loser
has declared that the combat has been
loyal."
"Agreed," said Puvieux.
"And so one morning, with good
shoes on our feet and stick in hand, we
set out for Mezieres from Angers, not
saying much, thinking a good deal and
walking above everything. The weather
was terribly hot and dusty. Half
way on one of our marches I sat down
on the roadside overwhelmed with
fatigue.
"Are you going to stay there?" said
Puvieux to me.
"Yes."
"Adieu!" he said, continuing his
march.
"Au revoir!"
"I watched him as he went on with
a firm step as if he had only just start-
ed. When I saw him disappear at a
bend of the road and when I was once
alone, as it were abandoned, I felt a
great despair. I made an effort. I
rose and began to walk again. That
little halt had done me good. I walked,
walked and walked until I had caught
up to Puvieux and passed him.
"At night, too, I was well ahead, but
I was worn out. I slept all night. In
the morning I woke up. I saw that the
day was getting on; I was furious and
called some one.
"You have not seen a soldier pass
on foot?"
"Yes, Monsieur le militaire, very
late last night. He asked for a glass of
water."
"Ah! I was outstripped in my turn! I
started hurriedly. At three o'clock in
the afternoon I had not caught up to
Puvieux, nor at six o'clock either. At
night I took my rest while I ate, and
started to walk again. I walked a
good part of the night, but my strength
had limits. Once more I stopped. I
knocked at an inn. The door opened,
and there sitting in a chair I saw Pu-
vieux, pale as death. He made a move-
ment of displeasure when he saw me
that was natural. We did not talk
much. What could we say? We were
both tired! The great thing was to
know who should get up first the next
morning. It was I.
"The next morning was this morning.
Since this morning I have been
walking, taking a rest now and then,
but only a very short one. We are get-
ting close. Rethel is the last stage be-
tween Angers and Mezieres. I know
my map of France now! The last stage!
Good heavens if I arrived too late!"
"And Pierre Puvieux," asked my
father, "has he caught you up?"
"No," replied Chevauchaux, "I am
ahead! If I could start now I should be
saved."
"Start? In this state! Impossible!"
"I know—my feet are swollen and
out—and provided that to-morrow—"
"To-morrow you will be rested. You
will be able to walk!"
"Do you think so?" said the soldier,
with a look ardent as lightning.
"I promise you."
My father then advised the soldier to
go to bed. Chevauchaux did not re-
fuse. The bed was ready. He shook
hands with us and went up to his room.
It was ten o'clock.
"I will wake you at five o'clock," said
my father.
It was not yet daylight on the follow-
ing morning when my father, already
up, looked out of the window to see
how the weather was. While he was
at the window he heard some heavy
footsteps on the road below, and in
the obscure twilight that precedes day-
break he perceived a soldier who was
walking in the direction of Mezieres.
"Up already!" said my father.
The soldier stopped.
"Well?" continued my father, "are
you off?"
"The soldier looked up and tried to
make out who was speaking to him.
"You are Jean Chevauchaux are you
not?" asked my father.
"No," said the soldier, "I am Pierre
Puvieux!"
And as if that name of Chevauchaux
had been the prick of a spur, he re-
sumed his walk more rapidly and was
soon lost in the obscurity. When my
father could no longer see him he could
hear the noise of his shoes on the road
leading to Mezieres.
"Ah!" said my father to himself.
"Chevauchaux must be sharp if he
means to catch up to that man." And
he went straight to the room where
Jean had slept. He was already up
and looking at his feet by the light of a
candle.
"Victory!" he cried, when he saw my
father; "I feel fresh and strong, and I
suffer no more. En route!"
"And quickly!" replied my father.
"Puvieux has just passed through
Rethel."
"Pierre Puvieux?"
"I have just spoken to him. He
passed under our window, going along
as if the evil one were after him."
"Ah, mon Dieu!" exclaimed Che-
vauchaux as if he had been struck
down. He repeated once more: "Ah!
mon Dieu!" Then he buckled on his
knapsack and cried: "After all, what
you have told me gives me courage.
Let me off!"
In the room below, my mother, already
up, was filling a wallet with provisions
for Chevauchaux. But he refused. He
was not hungry. Nevertheless he let
her fill him a flask of brandy, and put-
ting on a pair of my father's shoes he
started, blessing my mother and lean-
ing on my father's arm to take the first
step.
Three or four years after this we
heard no news of Chevauchaux. We
used often to talk of that evening when
the soldier had come into our house
bleeding and weary. What had be-
come of him. What had been the end
of that romance of love so strangely
begun?
One day my father had to go to
Mezieres on business. He took me
with him. At Mezieres he wished to
enter the first barber shop that he saw
to get shaved. On the door-step a little
child was sitting with its legs apart
and smiling at the sun.
"Will you allow me to pass?" asked
my father, laughing.
"No! I won't!" replied the child with
a little lip.
At that moment the door opened and
a man in his shirt-sleeves appeared—the
father—and took the child up in his
arms, saying:
"Pierrot! Do you want to
drive away the customers?"
I recognized the voice and so did my
father. We looked at the barber. The
barber looked at us. It was Jean
Chevauchaux!
He laid the child down at once and
held out his hand. His face was all red
and beaming with pleasure.

"What, is it you? . . . Ah! and
to think that I have never written to
you! . . . Ah! you don't know.
"It is I who married her—I
arrived first."
And rushing into the back shop:
"Marguerite! Marguerite!" he cried,
"come! come!"
He was wild with joy. A young
woman appeared, blonde, pretty, blue-
eyed, with a pensive and gentle air, a
little sad.
"You do not know?" said Chevauchaux
to her. "It was this gentleman
who took care of me so well at Rethel
the night before I arrived at your fa-
ther's house. . . . I have often
and often talked to you about him."
This is the gentleman.
Marguerite fixed her large calm eyes
upon us, saluted us and thanked us soft-
ly, then as her husband continued to
evoke the past, she looked at him ten-
derly with a look that supplicated and
was not without reproach. But Jean
saw nothing.
"Ah! it is to you that I owe all my
happiness, monsieur—my child, my
little boy, look at him, my little Pierrot!
It was my wife who wished that he
should have that name! Isn't he a fine
boy? and strongly built! and my shop is
going on first-rate. My wife! I adore!
and all this I owe to you!"
"And the other?" asked I, impru-
dently.
"The other?" said Chevauchaux.
He curled his lower lip, did not see
that Marguerite turned her head away
and answered:
"Pierre Puvieux? Poor fellow! He
arrived second, and that very evening
—it made me cry, I can tell you—that
very evening—he threw himself into the
river."—From The French of Jules
Clarck.

Girl Dressmakers.

Why do not the girls of to-day be-
come their own dressmakers? They
would find an extraordinary stimulus
and pleasure in the occupation, and
there is nothing that would do more to
take the nonsense out of them and put
sense in its place. Paper patterns, the
shortening of the skirts, have made
the task easy, and once undertaken, it
would not be given up, for it would be
more interesting than "fancy" work.
Probably the inducement, to many,
would be much greater if the custom of
giving girls an allowance for "dress"
money was as common here as it is in
England. But unfortunately it is not,
and the majority of the daughters of
well-to-do fathers feel that the effort
would not be appreciated and would
bring them no compensation. Young
women, whose parents occupy high po-
sitions in England, do all their own
sewing in order to make their allow-
ance—which ranges from \$50 to \$250
per annum—do its work. They may
have one dress in a season made by a
dressmaker, not more, and this will
probably be superintended by a dress-
maker in the house, who occupies her
time in cutting and fitting, while the
girl herself, with perhaps the help of
a family seamstress, does the
sewing. There is a great advantage in
thus becoming acquainted with meth-
ods and personally conversant with
ways and means, with the exigencies
and necessities of work, the limitations
as well as its possibilities. A good ser-
vant would infinitely rather work for
a mistress who was thoroughly acquain-
ted with the art of dressmaking, and
therefore willing to make allowances;
and on the same principles, it is easier
in making a dress to satisfy one whose
ignorance makes her at once exacting
and non-appreciative.
It is strange to what an extent Amer-
ican women allow themselves to exist
at the mercy of dependents, through
want of actual knowledge and practical
experience of work. Some times the
rebel against an innovation, or long
continued abuse, but the throwing up
of their own resources, brings them
back quickly to the proper state of in-
subjugation to the dreaded cook or the
infatuated modiste.
The coat sleeve, such as women are
at present wearing, only exists by the
sublime unconsciousness of the laws of
philosophy and anatomical formation on
the part of the wearers. There is no
elbow to it or in it. The outside seam
is rounded, 'tis true, but the inside
seam is straight, and every bend of the
arm paralyzes it. Thirty years ago coat
sleeves were cut so as to allow for a
gathering upon the under side, which
gave perfect ease to the arm, and al-
lowed it to move and act without strain
or hindrance. Now this is, and for a long
time has been, impossible. Women
who are not engaged in work that re-
quires the steady use of the arm and
hand may not find it so serious a dif-
ficulty, but those engaged in writing,
working at telegraphy, painting, or
operating a sewing machine, suffer tor-
tures.
Ladies who do their dressmaking
soon learn to pay attention to these
details of comfort and to do nothing
at all to do with fashion, but it is im-
possible to impress them upon the
average dressmaker. For one thing,
she is too busy to attend to individual
details. She follows copy, and only
branches out where you would rather
not have her—in trimming, and in
massing up "draperies." This sleeve
business has become one of the minor
miserics. With the reduction in the
length of the skirt and the raising of the
sleeve has grown closer and shorter
until it holds the arm like a vise and
covers it like another skin. The white
inside cuff has disappeared, as there is
no room for it. The sleeve is three
inches shorter than the arm, but the
long glove is supposed to come down to
meet it. The tight sleeve would be
less objectionable if it were occasional,
but it is the sleeve of the every-day
working and walking dress; the oc-
casional sleeve—that is, the dressy
sleeve is varied and modified in many
different ways, and often is no sleeve at
all.
When a street jacket is made by a
dressmaker en suite with, say, a woolen
dress, the misery is doubled. The arm
is twice encased in sleeves which are so
short there is no "pull" upon them, and
so straight that they stop all the
vital currents and send the blood rush-
ing to the head, where it creates in a
very short time a lovely nose. There
are patterns of sleeves in which
fullness is allowed for the elbow, but
dressmakers do not seem to get hold of
them. Let ladies who are about hav-
ing spring suits and jackets made, look
out for the straight, paralyzing coat-
sleeve.—Jennie June.

MISCELLANEOUS

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